



THE TRANSFORMERS SPOTLIGHT

\$3.99

EVR A



WHEELIE



THE TRANSFORMERS SPOTLIGHT

\$3.99
CVR B

#1
COLLECTORS
EDITION!

TRAPPED ON PLANET LV-117, ONE
LITTLE AUTOBOT HAS JUST ONE AIM:
SURVIVAL! BUT CAN

WHEELIE

OUTRUN THE UNSPEAKABLE TERROR
OF THIS PLANET'S MOST HORRIFIC
CRITTER? THE GIANT

CHAOSTEROS!

FEATURING:



SPECTRO!



SPYGLASS!



AND THE FATE OF
THE DECEPTICON
KNOWN AS
VIEWFINDER!



**WHO OR
WHAT IS
VARTA?!**



ANOTHER SELF-CONTAINED
IDW MASTERPIECE FROM
THE FAMOUS SPOTLIGHT
SERIES, BROUGHT TO YOU
BY SIMON FURMAN AND
KLAUS SCHERWINSKI.

K-Sch 08
-DAMIR-



RI CVA

THE TRANSFORMERS SPOTLIGHT



K-SH 08

WHEELIE



RI CVR

THE TRANSFORMERS SPOTLIGHT

▶ INCL.
SMASH HITS
"The Touch"
and
"Decepticon's
Paradise"
[Soundwave Remix]

RAP BOT PROD.
FEATURING BLASTER

RAP BOT PROD.
FEATURING BLASTER

CYBERTRONIAN
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT LYRICS

CYBERTRONIAN
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT LYRICS

WHEELIE



COVER CHECKLIST:



COVER A



COVER B



COVER A1
SKETCH COVER

THE TRANSFORMERS: SPOTLIGHT: WHEELIE

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CYBERTRON,
THE GREAT WAR.

ANY FRONTLINE, EVERY
BIG PUSH... THAT'S WHERE
YOU'D FIND ME. BUT WHEN
YOU'RE MY SIZE...

ULTRA
MAGNUS-WAIT!
YOUR RESERVE
ARTILLERY!

...IT'S EASY TO BE
OVERLOOKED.

I NEVER LET IT GET ME
DOWN, THOUGH, OR HOLD ME
BACK. UPBEAT, OPTIMISTIC,
I KNEW, SOONER OR LATER...

...I'D GET MY SHOT.

REALLY? NO WAY!
I MEAN... I WON'T
LET YOU DOWN!

SADLY, MY SCOUT
SHIP DID.

...NAVIGATIONAL SYSTEMS
ARE INOPERATIVE. MAIN
ENGINES AND LANDING GEAR
NON-FUNCTIONAL-I'M
GOING DOWN!

HELLO?
ARE YOU
RECEIVING
ME?

"ANYONE?"



THAT WAS A LONG TIME
AGO. ANOTHER LIFETIME.

RECENTLY, THERE REALLY
HASN'T BEEN A WHOLE
LOT TO BE UPBEAT
AND OPTIMISTIC ABOUT.

AS A SPECIES, WE ARE DEFINED BY
CHANGE. IT'S A CONSTANT STATE OF
BEING FOR "TRANSFORMERS." IF WE SIT
STILL, BECOME IMMUTABLE, A SMALL
BUT IMPORTANT PART OF US DIES.

THE WAY I SEE IT NOW, MY MISSION TO THE
STARS WASN'T JUST ABOUT WIDENING MY
OWN HORIZONS. WHATEVER I DISCOVERED OUT
HERE WAS MEANT TO HAVE REPERCUSSIONS
FOR CYBERTRON AS A WHOLE!

BUT... THIS PLANET TURNED OUT TO
BE ONE BIG, FAT DEAD END--A FULL
STOP. MY LIFE HERE'S BECOME ALL
ABOUT ONE SINGLE SOLITARY THING:

SURVIVAL.

I'M
DIFFERENT
NOW.



I STILL GET DISLOCATED PANGS,
GHOST-NERVE IMPULSES FROM
A LONG AMPUTATED LIMB.

IT COMES UPON ME
WHEN I LEAST EXPECT IT,
WEAKENING MY RESOLVE,
BROACHING MY DEFENSES.

ME, AS I WAS: KEEN, EAGER,
A LIGHTEARTED QUIP FOR
EVERY OCCASION, BUT UNDER
IT ALL, THIS OVERPOWERING
DESIRE TO BE TAKEN
SERIOUSLY, TO SHOW WHAT
I COULD REALLY DO.

WHEN HOTSPOT CHOSE ME,
ABOVE SO MANY OTHERS,
IT MEANT THE WORLD.

WHEELIE-
WE'RE ALL
COUNTING ON
YOU!

SIR,
YES SIR!

I COULD HARDLY WAIT TO
START. MY BIG CHANCE!

IS THIS
WISE?

MM. THERE'S
A WHOLE LOT OF
UNIVERSE, **JETFIRE**,
AND ONLY SO MANY
BODIES TO SCOUT
AND SCAN FOR
HABITABLE
WORLDS.

TRUTH
OF IT IS,
WE'RE HAVING
TO MAKE
DO.

NINETY THOUSAND
STELLAR KLIK'S OUT...

...WHAM! A RADIATION
BELT WIPES OUT MY
NAVIGATIONAL INTERFACE.

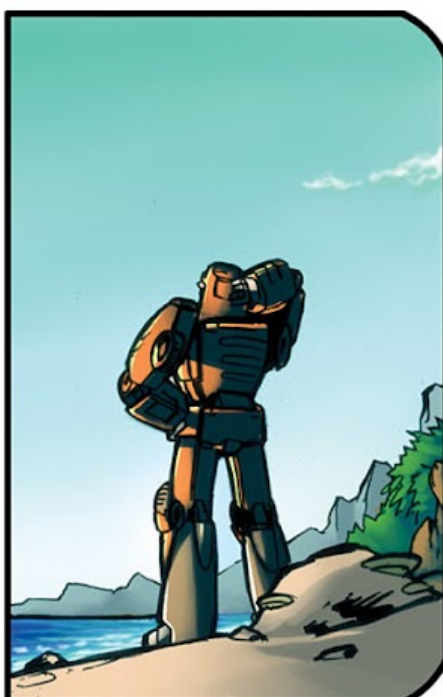
IN QUICK
SUCCESSION...

PNING



...SYSTEMS CRASHED.
I AIMED THE SHIP AT
LV-117, THE NEAREST
PLANETARY BODY...

...AND HOPED
FOR THE BEST.



THEY SAY NECESSITY IS
THE PROTO-HATCHER OF
INVENTION. I HAD NO IDEA,
UNTIL THE CRASH, JUST HOW
RESOURCEFUL I COULD BE.

I SALVAGED WHAT I COULD
FROM THE WRECK. IT WASN'T
MUCH, BUT I MADE DO.



THOSE FIRST FEW NIGHTS
WERE THE DARKEST.

ALONE.

WATCHED.



SAMPLED.



THE BEACH WAS ALIVE,
ESPECIALLY AT NIGHT.

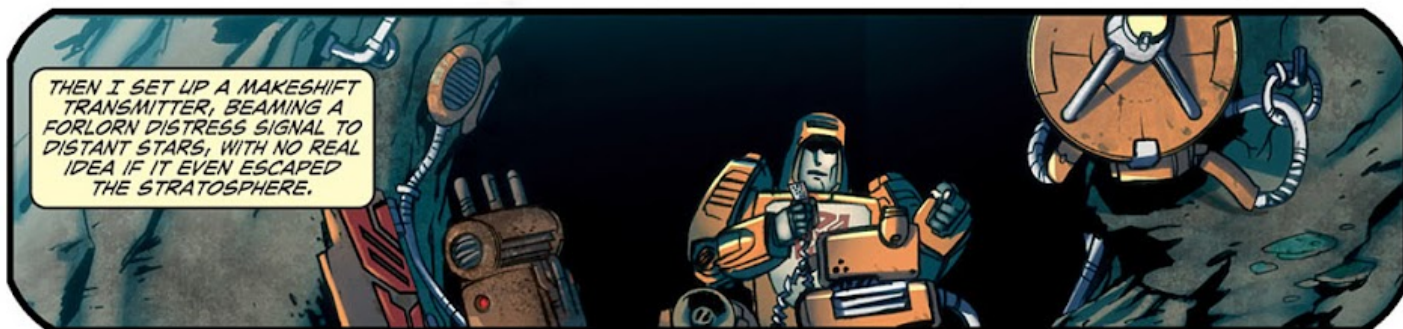
THE NEED FOR SOME KIND
OF RETREAT QUICKLY
BECAME APPARENT.



I DID WHAT I COULD TO
FORTIFY MY "AERIE."
THE PLANET WAS A STUDY
IN CONTRADICTIONS-
BEAUTIFUL FLORA...



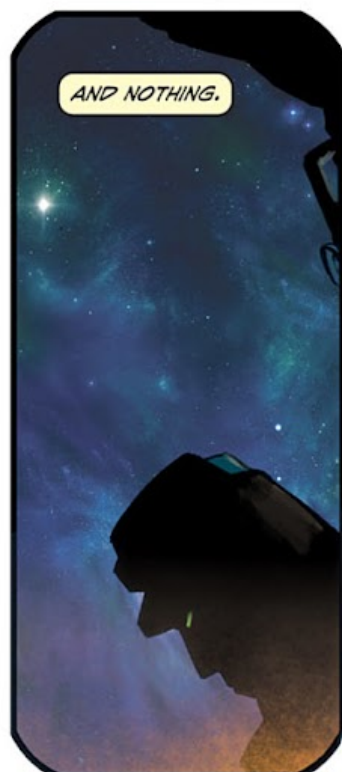
...DEADLY FAUNA!



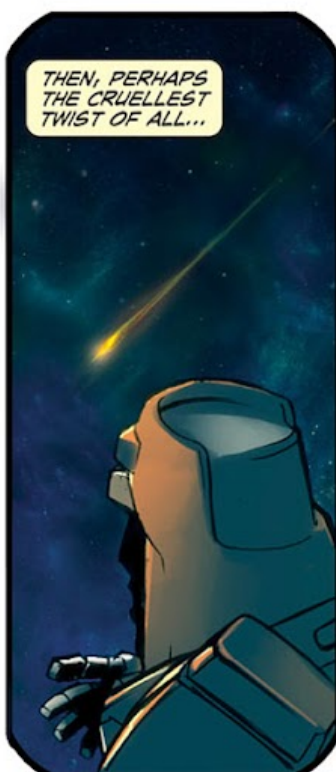
THEN I SET UP A MAKESHIFT
TRANSMITTER, BEAMING A
FORLORN DISTRESS SIGNAL TO
DISTANT STARS, WITH NO REAL
IDEA IF IT EVEN ESCAPED
THE STRATOSPHERE.



DECA-CYCLES TURNED INTO
MEGA-CYCLES. STELLAR CYCLES
TURNED INTO META-CYCLES.



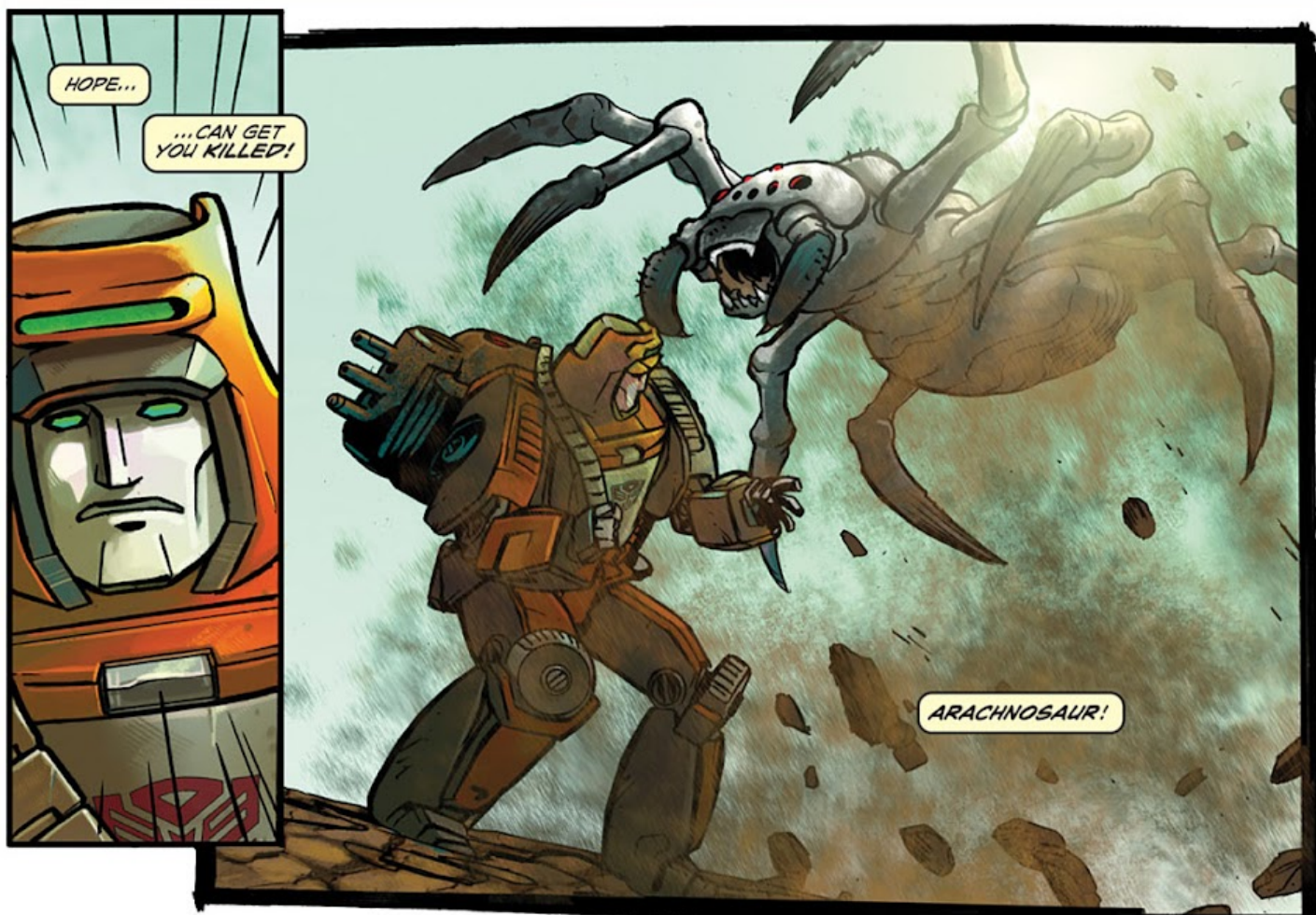
AND NOTHING.



THEN, PERHAPS
THE CRUELLEST
TWIST OF ALL...



...HOPE.





...I BARE
MY TEETH!

YOU
WANT SOME
MORE?



BUT THE
ARACHNOSAUR
IS ALREADY OFF
IN SEARCH OF
EASIER PREY.



GOOD RIDDANCE.

THE SUDDEN, SWEET
BURST OF VICTORY...



...TURNS TO BITTER ASHES
WHEN I SEE THE FANG.

IT WAS HURT, NOT SCARED. ONCE
AGAIN, MY OWN INSIGNIFICANCE
SMACKS ME IN THE FACE.



THANKFULLY, THE ENERCON
CONVERTOR IS STILL IN ONE PIECE.
IT'S BEEN THROUGH A LOT.

EVEN SO, THE PATCH AND REPAIR
JOB TAKES ME BEYOND SECOND
SUNRISE. THE HEAT AT THIS
TIME OF DAY IS INTOLERABLE...

...BUT I CARRY
ON REGARDLESS.

I KNOW THERE ARE ANY NUMBER OF
OTHER PREDATORS OUT THERE, JUST
WAITING TO MAKE A MEAL OF ME. HOW
LONG CAN I BEAT THE ODDS? HOW
LONG CAN I SURVIVE? AND IN THE END...



...IS THERE ANYTHING
WORTH SURVIVING FOR?



TIME, DISTANCE...
IN THE GREAT, YAWNING
EMPTYNESS OF
THIS PLACE THEY
LOSE ALL MEANING.



BUT, EVENTUALLY, A WHOLE LOT
OF NOTHING GIVES WAY TO, WELL,
SOMETHING-A MAGMA LAKE.



THE ILLUSORY NEARNESS
OF THE PEAKS I'M AIMING FOR
STRETCHES AWAY AGAIN INTO
THE FARAWAY DISTANCE.

I FEEL LIKE JUST
GIVING UP, UNTIL I FIND...

...A BRIDGE.

A ROAD?



AND, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN WHAT
SEEMS LIKE AN ETERNITY, I CONSIDER
MY VEHICULAR MODE, AND THE SHEER
AGONY INVOLVED IN ACCESSING IT.



EVER SINCE...





... THE
CHAOSTEROS!

I WAS SO NAÏVE.
THE HOPE OF FINDING
INTELLIGENT LIFE WAS
STILL ALIVE BACK THEN.



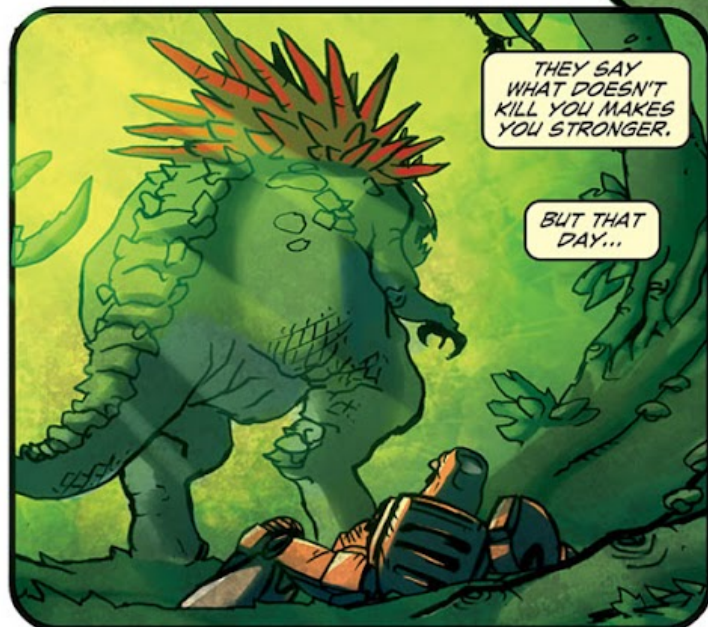
STUBBORNLY IGNORING
MANY PREVIOUS
DISAPPOINTMENTS, I TRIED
THE UNIVERSAL GREETING:

BAH-WEEP-
GRA-



CHUMP

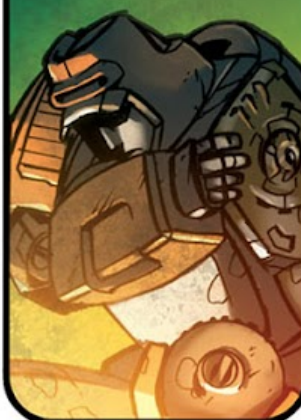
-NIIAAAK!



THEY SAY
WHAT DOESN'T
KILL YOU MAKES
YOU STRONGER.

BUT THAT
DAY...

...A LITTLE BIT
OF ME DIED.



THAT DAY...





...I STOPPED BELIEVING.

OF ALL THE TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS THIS PLANET'S THROWN AT ME, RETRIEVING THE ARM...



...WAS FAR AND AWAY THE WORST!



THE MARKED ABSENCE OF A FUNCTIONAL C.R.* CHAMBER...

*CRYOGENIC REGENERATION



...MADE THE REATTACHMENT PROBLEMATIC, TO SAY THE LEAST.

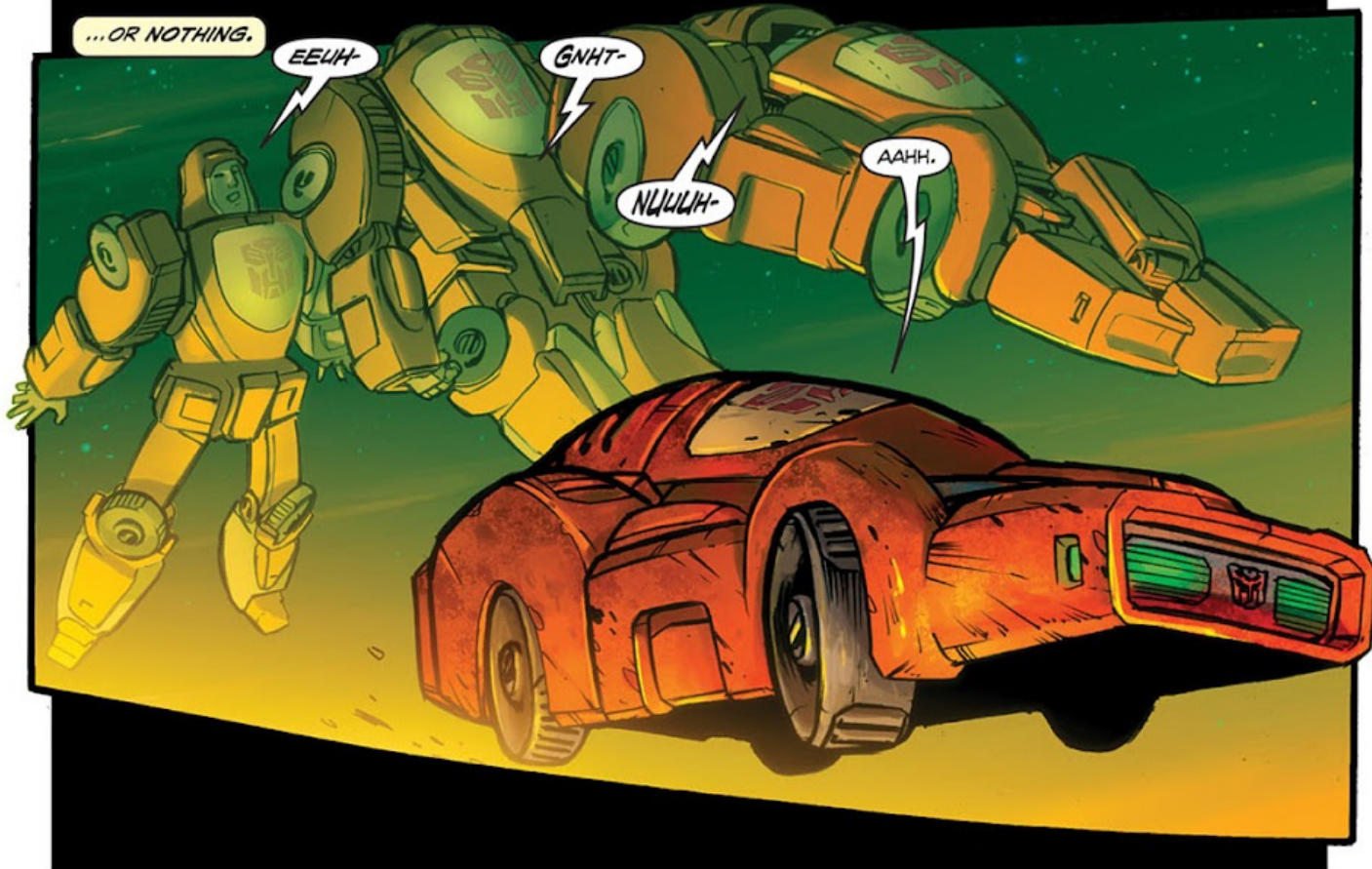
THE LAST TIME I TRIED TO TRANSFORM I-

-IT-

-ANYWAY, IT WASN'T PLEASANT.

BUT IT'S THIS...

...OR NOTHING.





AND THERE'S
WORSE TO COME.

VRM-KLIK

IN MOTION, DISLOCATED
SERVO-GEARS SPIN AND
GRIND AGAINST MISALIGNED
BUFFER PLATES AT SIX
HUNDRED REVOLUTIONS
A NANO-KLIK. THE PAIN...

...IS RELENTLESS.

I TRY TO
FOCUS...



...ON MY
DESTINATION.
WONDERING...

...WHAT
I'LL FIND.



AS IT IS, I CAN
HARDLY CREDIT
MY OPTICS!

DECEPTICONS!



TIME FOR A
CLOSER LOOK. AS I
MOVE IN, I CONSIDER
THE OPPOSITION!



SPECTRO:

I SAY
KILL IT.
IT'S NO USE
TO US.

SPYGLASS:

WE DON'T
KNOW THAT.
IT COULD BE
INTELLIGENT.
IT COULD
KNOW WHERE
WE ARE!



HM.



OKAY.

BUT
WE CAN
TORTURE
IT.

OH
YEAH.



LOW-GRADE
HOODLUMS, NO
USE TO ME, BUT
THEIR VESSEL...

...COULD JUST BE
ANOTHER MATTER.



WHAT I NEED...



...IS A
DISTRACTION!



AND I'M
TELLING YOU
THEY'RE MY
THERMO-PLIERS-
I GET FIRST
GO!



FINE. WHATEVER.
BUT LEAVE SOME FOR
ME, EH? FROM THE LOOK
OF THIS ONE, IT-

HEY!



IT'S
GETTIN'
AWAY!

ZOW

ZOW

WHOA. EASY
ON THE AMMO,
SPECTRO!
WE'VE ONLY GOT
HALF A POWER-CLIP
BETWEEN US.



RIGHT, YEAH.
BARE HANDS
IT IS...

I SPARE A PASSING
THOUGHT FOR THE ALIEN
CREATURE, BUT THE SHEER
OVERRIDING IMPERATIVE
TO GET OFF THIS PLANET...



...MEANS IT
PASSES.

THE VESSEL,
HOWEVER...

...WILL NEVER
FLY AGAIN.

AND THEN, IN A LURCHING
FREEFALL MOMENT,
I REMEMBER THAT THIS
PARTICULAR UNIT IS A TRIO-
SPECTRO, SPYGLASS...





...AND
VIEWFINDER!

LUCKILY FOR ME, ANY POTENTIAL
THREAT HE MAY HAVE POSED
IS LONG PASSED. AND THEN I
WONDER, AM I THE LUCKY ONE...

...OR IS
HE?



I'M STILL ALIVE, SURE,
BUT IT'S A HOLLOW,
SHAM EXISTENCE.

I'VE BECOME EVERY INCH
THE WARRIOR I EVER WISHED
TO BE, BUT LOST SIGHT
OF EVERYTHING THAT'S
IMPORTANT IN THE PROCESS.

AUTOBOT-



-DECEPTICON-

-NEUTRAL.

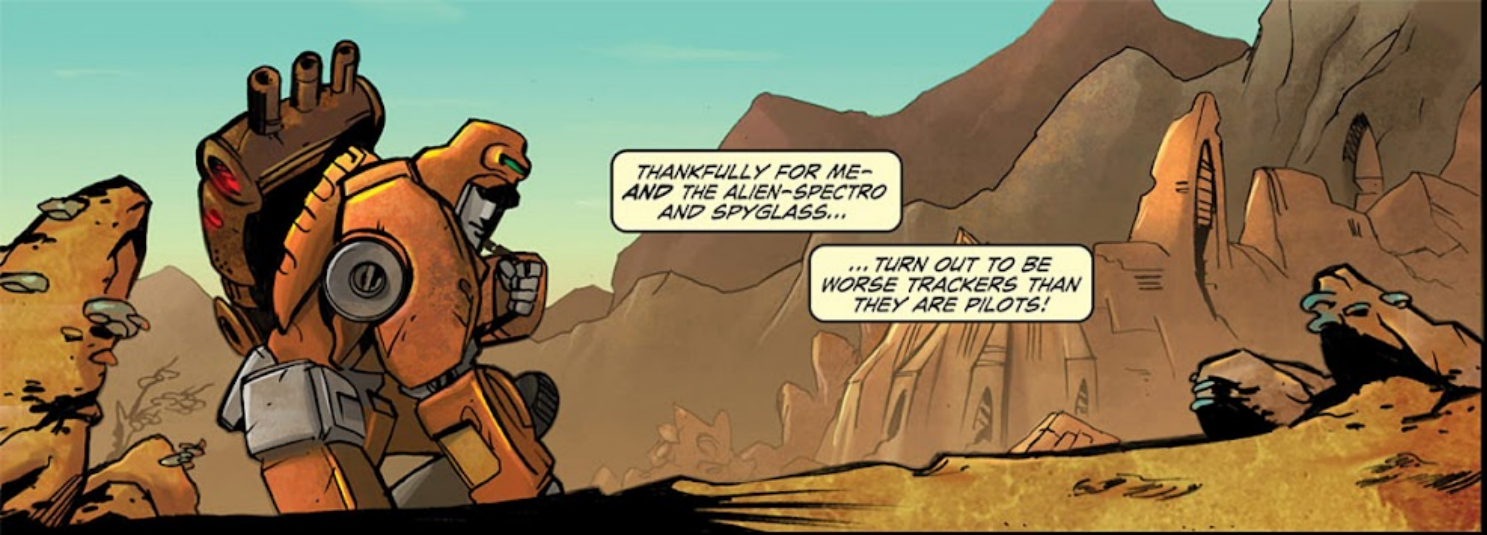


IT USED TO MEAN
SOMETHING. IT *HAS*
TO MEAN SOMETHING.
OTHERWISE...

...I MAY AS
WELL BE DEAD.



THE ALIEN COULDN'T
HAVE GOTTEN FAR.
I JUST HOPE I'M NOT
ALREADY TOO LATE.











I SHOULD
BE HUMBLE AND
TACIT... BUT, HEY,
DECEPTICONS—
FRAG IT!

BLEEP!
(SYNTAX
ERROR)

NO REWARD
FOR VICE BUT
FIREWORKS...
NICE.



ONE YEAR LATER.

IN THE DECA-CYCLES
FOLLOWING SPECTRO AND
SPYGLASS'S SPECTACULAR
EXIT, VARTA AND I
SALVAGE WHAT WE CAN
FROM THE WRECK...

...AND BUILD A NEW
HOME ON THE OUTSKIRTS
OF THE ANCIENT CITY.

SPEAKING IN VERSE SOON
BECOMES SECOND NATURE.

I'LL PREP THE
SONIC LIMITER THEN
GO CHECK THE
PERIMETER.

THE EVENING'S
JUST TOO SUBLINE,
RELAX AND TAKE SOME
LEISURE TIME.

THIS FEELS GOOD. RIGHT.
HERE, I'M JUST MYSELF. NO
PRETENCE, NO SELF-DELUSION.
I FIND I CAN FINALLY ALLOW
MYSELF THE LUXURY...

...OF HOPE FOR
THE FUTURE!





KLAUS SCHERWINSKI'S WHEELIE SKETCHBOOK



www.klausscherwinski.de

Hi there! As this is probably the TRANSFORMERS book with the fewest number of giant robots in it, I can't impress you with many fantastic concept sketches of your favorite TF characters. However, I can present you with a glimpse into the creation of a page and how much fun it can be to design your own little planet and its critters. Enjoy!



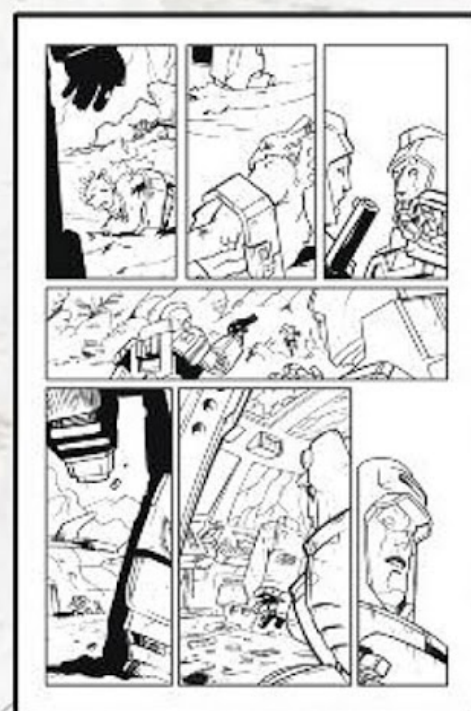
First sketch
at roughly
postcard size.



Blown up and printed
out in comic-book size,
ugly corrections added.



Rough pencils done
on a light table.



Dark line work created
from fine pencils on
the computer.



Color flats supplied
by assistants to
ease the coloring job.



Final color art.
Only thing missing
is the lettering.

KLAUS SCHERWINSKI'S
WHEELIE
 SKETCHBOOK

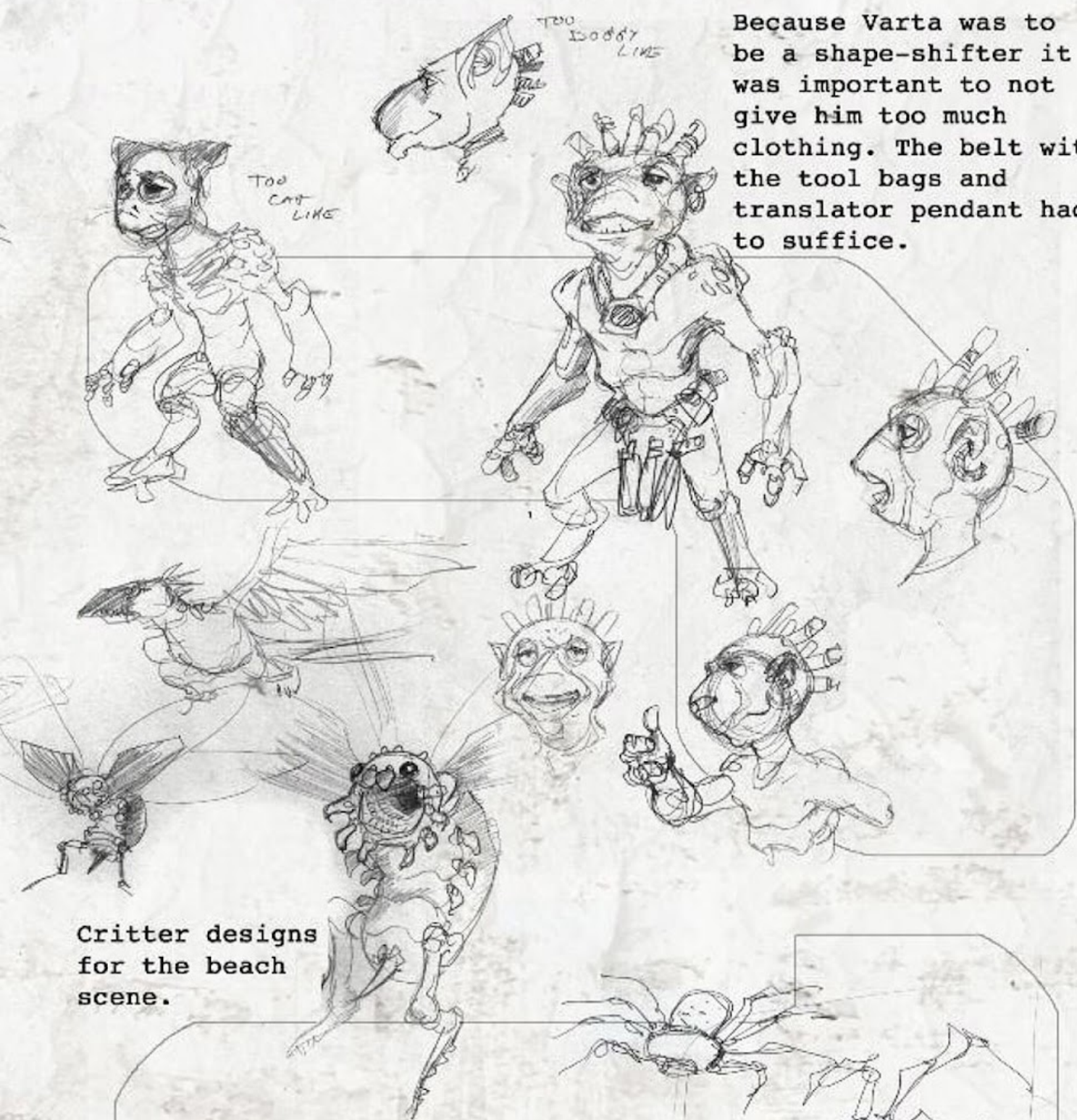


Critter design can be tricky, so it's good to start small and work from a first basic shape to anatomy, and from there to details. A front and rear view, especially in motion, will give everyone a sense of how that big creature will move and behave. The sketch on the bottom left almost made it completely into the book, I only changed the perspective a little.



Bah-weep-Graaaaaagnah wheep ni niaaaaaaaahhhh --*

Because Varta was to be a shape-shifter it was important to not give him too much clothing. The belt with the tool bags and translator pendant had to suffice.



Critter designs for the beach scene.



The burrowing sand spider was an easy task. Two mini sketches and the final version was done in the rough pencil stage. The coloring added a lot of drama in the end.

